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We apologise to our readers for the lateness of the Review's appearance last week, but the delay was due to damage done to the printing offices by fire.

Ed., "S.R."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On the Western front, counter-attacks and patrol encounters have been frequent during the week. Near Messines Australian troops carried out a particularly successful raid on Sunday evening, killing 100 Germans, and on Tuesday Canadians did a good deal of damage in a raid near Hargicourt, bombing no fewer than seventeen dugouts in the enemy's front and support lines. On Tuesday also our airmen went into Germany and bombed "with excellent results" the town of Offenburg, on the edge of the Black Forest.

In Italy the British line has been extended considerably east of the Montello ridge along the Piave. In Palestine during the week operations have been mainly in the air. One of our men was attacked by five scouts and two larger machines. Of the scouts two were driven down, and the rest fled. He then attacked the two other machines and drove them both down.

Mr. Balfour did not deny though he refused to discuss General Smuts' visit during December to Switzerland for the purpose of meeting Count Mensdorff. Mr. Balfour said that Mr. Whyte, the Liberal member who mentioned the matter, had not understood the policy of the British Government, and he then proceeded to defend the policy of breaking up the enemy coalition by separate negotiations with its various members. We heartily agree with the Foreign Secretary. The two Powers really interested in Eastern Europe are Austria and Italy, and, as we have said before, it ought to be possible, by judicious diplomacy, to bring these two Powers into a satisfactory settlement of their own differences and of the claims of the Slav nations in the Balkan region. Both France and England are interested in Asiatic Turkey, and it ought to be possible to come to terms with Turkey about the government of Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia, upon the basis of the exclusion of Germany. The one Power with whom no understanding, but that of brute force should come to is Germany.

Storms arise and blow over in the House of Commons as suddenly as in an Italian lake. On Tuesday night and

Wednesday morning members went about saying that Mr. Lloyd George had done for himself, that Mr. Asquith would come in, or that there would be a general election. But "*la nuit porte conseil*"; and as their tempers cooled men began to ask themselves, if we put out the present Government, what are we to put in its place? Mr. Adamson, speaking for the Labour Party, said bluntly that before he voted against Mr. Lloyd George he should want to know who was to be his successor. The Prime Minister has received a shaking, which will do him good, though we suppose the truth is that he is overwrought. There have now been three Governments since August, 1914: Mr. Asquith's, the first Coalition, and the second Coalition. The Conservatives are the largest party in the House of Commons, yet no one has thought of a Conservative Government!

Mr. Bonar Law announced that the Government will prosecute Colonel Repington and the editor of the *Morning Post* on the ground, we understand, that they have published secret information, improperly obtained, to the danger of the military position of the Entente Powers. That of course is a very serious offence, if it can be proved, or unless the publication, if admitted, can be justified by superior reasons of public advantage. It might, for instance, be argued that it was more important the public should know the truth than that the enemy should not know it. That, we take it, is the matter to be tried in a Court of Law. It is difficult to see how the Government could have abstained from a prosecution, unless "Dora" was to become a dead letter, which from some points of view might be a good thing, for in her dealings with the Press "Dora" is as a rule a foolish virgin. But giving information to the enemy, whatever the motive, is, we believe, an offence under previous statutes.

We are glad to see that Mr. Asquith and his friends are re-establishing that constitutional body, which ought never to have been allowed to disappear, his Majesty's Opposition. This is the only war which has ever been fought without a regular Opposition in Parliament, and the results do not justify the departure from immemorial practice. Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Herbert Samuel delivered very effective and valuable criticisms of the Government, that have provoked a ludicrous display of pettishness on the part of the *Times*, which seems to think that all criticism of the Government which does not emanate from Printing House Square is unpatriotic, if not treasonable. Mr. Bonar Law concluded his speech by saying that if Messrs. Asquith and Samuel thought they could provide a better Government than the present one it was their duty to turn it out, but "till they do that I say it is the duty of every man who wishes to see this war carried to a successful issue to avoid any criticism which is only damaging to individuals." How on earth can you turn a Government out except by criticising its individual members?

Whether the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk were mere play-acting on the part of Trotzky and Lenin, they being really in the pay of Germany, or whether they sincerely thought they could conclude a peace with realists like Von Kuhlmann and Czernin on an *idéologue* basis, we have not materials for deciding. During the Napoleonic war, everything that happened

in France which the Government disliked was put down to "Pitt's gold"; and it may be that the influence of German bribes is exaggerated. The comedy is now finished; and Russia is officially, what she has long been actually, out of the war. It is significant that Trotzky and Co., in refusing to sign a peace, tell their countrymen that "German capitalists, bankers, and landlords, supported by the silent co-operation of the English and French bourgeoisie," have asked them to subscribe to impossible terms.

Such is the return made by these revolutionists to the British and French Governments for their patronage of the Russian Revolution. It serves the British and French Governments right for their folly in not discerning that the true revolutionary is always the same in all ages and in all countries, and that his only aim is the destruction of all order and law, in a word, of society itself. Trotzky declines to sign peace, but somewhat superfluously declares the war at an end. Having murdered and robbed a large number of his countrymen—if the Russians are his countrymen—having broken open banks and seized private property of all kinds he abandons Russia, a wretched, helpless mass of anarchy, to the tender regimentation of Germany. And we may be quite sure that regimentation will be promptly and vigorously applied. In a few years Great Russia will be a drilled, organised, and prosperous country under the only form of government for which it is fit, a strong autocracy.

Had the British Government adopted Lord Fisher's policy of seizing the Sound and commanding the Baltic at the beginning of the war, and had our diplomacy been clever enough to defeat the German plot by keeping the Tsar on the throne, England would now be in the place of Germany as the protecting Power and saviour of Russia. But our statesmen, misled by the Prime Minister's predilection for Democracy, walked straight into the revolutionary trap. Anybody but Mr. Lloyd George would have seen that Kerensky was a mere spouting theorist, and that the Government machine must at once be taken out of his hands. But somebody had told Mr. Lloyd George that Kerensky was like St. Just, and without knowing anything about St. Just, our impetuous Premier took Kerensky to his bosom as "a great revolutionary character." Dr. Dillon told the Government in December, 1916, that the Revolution was timed for March, 1917; but either they did not believe him, or hoped it was true.

The Ukraine, or, as it is sometimes called, Little Russia, has signed a peace with the Central Empires, by which the new republic has gained a slice of Russian and Austrian Poland, including the valuable oil wells of Galicia. Naturally the Poles object. The inhabitants of the Ukraine are the most educated and intelligent of the Russians, and they are favourably inclined to the Austrians, who have always been polite to them. They are clever and strong enough to prevent their fertile country being plundered by the Germans to feed the armies. Whether there are any available supplies of food in Little Russia, we do not know. We should guess that their own wants and those of their brethren in Great Russia would leave little for the German armies.

So Field-Marshal Hindenburg says he will be in Paris by the 1 April, and Lord Jellicoe says the submarine will be conquered by August! If either of these august authorities be right the war will be over this year. Did General Hindenburg really say anything so incredible? Suppose that he did, and suppose further that he "makes good" his boast. The occupation of Paris would not end the war, for in 1914 the French were prepared to evacuate the capital and continue the war. And if Lord Jellicoe is right and makes good his promise, then the German army will very soon be out of Paris, and in full retreat upon the Rhine. If once we regain command of the sea by destroying the submarines, Britain and the United States could carry on the war for a very long time.

If all that Dr. Dillon says in his article in the *Fortnightly Review* be true, then Lord Grey of Falloden deserves impeachment, if ever Minister did. For not content with throwing the Turks into the arms of Germany, he insisted on throwing the Greeks after them. It appears that the Greeks were only too anxious to help us take Constantinople, and Venizelos, in his first period of popularity, offered the Greek army to co-operate with our Gallipoli adventure by marching on the Turkish capital. But Russia, who had insisted on Constantinople being publicly allotted to her as her share of the booty, would not allow the Greeks to advance on the Golden Horn, and Sir Edward Grey feebly submitted. Not only that, but we had the effrontery to ask Greece to buy off Bulgaria by the surrender of half Macedonia.

No wonder that Constantine was able to dismiss Venizelos, and throw in his lot with his wife's brother the Kaiser! He had a strong case for telling his Ministers and people that the Kaiser was a better friend to Greece than the Entente. Then, after two precious years had been lost, and when it was too late to shift the Turk from Constantinople, we slowly turned round, and after locking up half a million men at Salonica we removed Tino. We prevented Serbia from attacking the Bulgarians before their mobilisation was complete; and we lured Roumania into the war, relying on the promises of Russia, which were, of course, broken, and exposing an easy prey to Germany.

Is not this the very Dunciad of diplomacy? Canning, Palmerston, and Beaconsfield supported Turkey against Russia, not because they loved the Turk, but because they distrusted the Muscovite. After Lord Beaconsfield's death in 1881 began the reversal of our Eastern policy. Gladstone was then in power, and to his mind Russia became "the divine figure of the north," predestined to carry on the war of the Cross against the Crescent. Unfortunately, the late Lord Salisbury was much under Gladstone's influence, perhaps owing to ecclesiastical sympathies, as is incidentally shown by a letter written by the late Lady Salisbury to Mrs. Gladstone on her husband's death. Anyway, Lord Salisbury took up the Gladstonian policy of making friends with Germany, to whom he surrendered Heligoland, and with whom he arranged spheres of influence in Africa, and he abandoned Turkey, to whom he was bound by the Convention of 1878, for Russia. Sir Edward Grey, of course, continued this policy, of which we are now reaping the results.

So the inevitable has happened, and Lord Beaverbrook has joined the Government! We say the inevitable, because if a man has a million pounds and controls a newspaper, his joining the Government is only a question of time. The owner of the *Morning Post* is, luckily for the independence of the Press, a lady: but how Lord Burnham has escaped the Cabinet fairly puzzles us. The owners of the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* appear to be ineligible, for some reason—perhaps because they believe in their principles. But "we are getting on," and we shall soon have a Government Press, compact, and unassailable, "totus teres atque rotundus."

Lord Beaverbrook is to be Minister of the Propaganda, which suggests cardinals, red hats, and a religious mission. What is Lord Beaverbrook going to propagate? What, so far as anything is known of his record, is he capable of propagating, besides money? A prolific breeder of money he is, as we all know by repute, and as many Canadians know by experience. But what is Lord Beaverbrook going to do to help victory? We understand the German propaganda, which means, by the lavish use of money, the conversion or corruption of some section of an enemy's forces. It has been brilliantly successful in Russia, in Turkey and Greece, and in portions of the Italian Army. It has failed in the United States, in the Argentine, and in France, though its efforts have been Herculean. But the British Propaganda, what has it done?

We have spent, and are spending, hundreds of thousands of pounds in "explaining our position" to Allies, like the Americans, and to neutrals, like Spain and Scandinavia, and to our own people, on cinema films. This is sheer waste of public money, and contributes to the six or seven millions a day which we are throwing out of window. If the Americans don't know what the war is about, let their own Government and their own Press explain it to them. What good has been done by our propaganda in Spain or Sweden? Have we obtained a single ounce of food or material from Scandinavian countries by reason of our propaganda? Have we disarmed the malevolence of a single Spanish priest? And what does it matter, anyway, what Spain or Scandinavia think of us? There was a time when England did what she thought right and left others to "explain" her conduct as they chose. Mr. Winston Churchill's expenditure on war films to amuse the populace is still less justifiable, and is coming near to "bread and games." If Lord Beaverbrook is to do any good as a propagandist, let him direct his energy to the camps of our enemies, to Turks, Germans, and Austrians. Leaflet-dropping by aeroplanes is the policy, and Boloism.

Bellona, the Goddess of War, is a merciless mistress. If a man does not achieve success, she scraps him without a pang of remorse. This war has exploded many reputations, and thrown many a hero on the scrap-heap, Lord Curzon, for instance. If the War Cabinet have come to the conclusion that Sir William Robertson and Sir Douglas Haig are not the men to win the war, it is their duty to say so openly, and to appoint others in their place. But all this business of intrigue, this preparation of an "atmosphere" by newspaper articles, is repellent to the open British nature. A feeling seems to be gaining ground that Lord Derby is not suited to the post of Secretary of State for War in such trying times, and that he is anxious to get out of it. The late Lord Derby was not a clever man. The fifteenth Earl, the uncle of the present peer, Disraeli's "Stanley," was a very clever, if somewhat abnormal, man. Geoffrey, the fourteenth Earl, the Prime Minister, was a statesman of supreme ability, as well as an orator and a scholar.

It is time to protest against the garbled and unfair reports of the debates in the House of Commons which the *Times* now publishes. In the old days we know that Johnson, who wrote out the debates from memory, "took care that the Whig dogs had the worst of it." But it is intolerable in these days of scientific shorthand that the leading newspaper should show favouritism in its reports. The truth is that Mr. Lloyd George never had such a bad night in the House as he experienced on Tuesday. Many of those who are reckoned his supporters were against him and cheered Mr. Asquith wildly. The Prime Minister shuffled, and prevaricated, and lost his head. Nobody could understand why he did not answer Mr. Asquith's plain question about the powers and functions of the Allied Council. His refusal to do so, on the ground that it would be giving information to the enemy, was so absurd that members were convinced that he was hiding something.

As the Prime Minister said he had no communications with the Press, that he inspired no paragraphs, and that he was always fighting against the system of Press interference with Government, may we ask him a few plain questions? Did Lord Jellicoe retire from the post of First Sea Lord in consequence of demands made by Lord Northcliffe that he should retire? Did the other Admiralty officials, who retired at the same time as Lord Jellicoe, retire because their names were on a prescription list drawn up by Lord Northcliffe? Did Sir Edward Carson retire from the post of First Civil Lord of the Admiralty because he refused to execute Lord Northcliffe's prescription list, and because he resented Lord Northcliffe's interference in the affairs of the Admiralty? If "the answer is in the negative," we have no more to say. But if the

answer is in the affirmative, or if we have stated the facts as they are, can the Prime Minister wonder at the bitterness of temper shown in the House of Commons?

Had Lord Knutsford accepted our invitation and joined in the discussion of the whole question of the Metropolitan Hospitals, which was started in *THE SATURDAY REVIEW*, he would, we venture to think, have done a greater public service than by his present appeal to charity for the support of the London Hospital. The question of the Metropolitan Hospitals and their Medical Schools is one of national importance, which will never be dealt with satisfactorily as long as each hospital plays for its own hand. The London Hospital, Lord Knutsford tells us, wants £150,000 a year for its maintenance, and its own revenue is £30,000. The case of the London Hospital is the same as that of the other Metropolitan Hospitals, and if anything is to be achieved, the hospitals must make common cause. Nothing can save them but the assistance of the State. We hope Lord Knutsford may get his million half-crowns. But the sturdy beggar, clinking his box in the face of the public, is a belated and impossible figure. The taxes are too heavy for that.

Trinity, Cambridge, with Whewell, Thompson, Butler, has had a stately and distinguished line of Masters, great in dignity and personality. It seems something of a descent to the new head, Sir Joseph Thomson, a leader in science, though, like Whewell, he was Second Wrangler. Whewell, too, studied magnetism and electricity, but that was only a small part of his omniscience. However, the age of dignity and style is over, and the age of science and efficiency is upon us. There seems no particular reason why men of science should not "sacrifice to the Graces," as Chesterfield recommends, but they seldom do. Sir Joseph Thomson wears his many honours lightly, plays golf, and is essentially human.

It is a fatal blunder in politics, and indeed in any controversy, to allow your opponent to fix his own definition of an important term, or to invent unchallenged a question-begging epithet. In the financial discussions on the famous Budget of 1910, which were of far-reaching future import, the Conservatives allowed Mr. Lloyd George to draw an unscientific and unwarrantable distinction between earned and unearned incomes. All income derived from investments was coolly classified as "unearned," and subjected to heavier taxation than income derived from the sweat of the body or the mind. Nothing can be more unjust and unscientific. Savings invested to produce interest are as much earned as the reward of personal exertion.

Suppose a man enters on business at the age of twenty, and by the time he is forty-five retires from business with a saved capital of £100,000, which brings him from investments £5,000 a year. That income is just as much earned as the fees of the doctor or the barrister, or the commissions of the stockbroker. That income is the fruit of the industry of a lifetime, coupled with the self-denial which enables a man to postpone present to future enjoyment. Yet it is classified as unearned income, and subject to a heavier scale of taxation than that of the man who, having perhaps neglected to save, is obliged to continue in business. There may be some justifiable distinction between inherited and earned income, although if one generation is not allowed to hand on its savings to the next, there can be no progress, and no civilisation.

Mr. Bertrand Russell's article in the *Tribunal*, saying that the American army, even if inefficient against the Germans, would suffice to intimidate the strikers in this country, a work to which they were accustomed in their own country, is extremely silly and impertinent, but it did not merit six months' imprisonment. Indeed, the remarks are so foolish as to be quite meaningless. But if a man is to be imprisoned for being a fool, the gaols will not contain their prisoners.

WANTED, A MARLBOROUGH.

THE Prime Minister rightly dismissed the question of peace by saying that it is no use crying peace where there is no peace. A year ago the discussion of peace terms might not have been unfruitful: to-day it is ridiculous. Germany, flushed with her conquest of Russia, answers the Platonic generalities of the Entente with insolent and particular demands for surrender. The real debate at the opening of Parliament clustered round the functions and powers of the Allied War Council at Versailles. This is quite natural and legitimate. The Allied Council is admitted to have the supreme command of the war, both as to strategy and tactics, as an executive as well as a consultative body. The representative of France on that body is General Foch, the Chief of the French General Staff. The representative of England is, not Sir William Robertson, the Chief of the British General Staff, but Sir Henry Wilson, an officer inferior in rank to Sir William Robertson. In these conditions, are not Sir William Robertson and Sir Douglas Haig under the command of Sir Henry Wilson, General Foch, and General Cadorna? We omit the name of the American representative, because the United States, though, as Mr. Pringle said, they will have a powerful if not predominant voice in the ultimate decision, are not yet in the saddle. The anxiety of Mr. Asquith and of the House of Commons to know exactly where Great Britain stands in the Allied Council seems to us to be justified by the past history of the war. All the mistakes and disasters of the first three years of war have been due to the dictation of Russia in the Allied Councils. It was Russia who insisted, not only on the promise of Constantinople, but the publication of it, thereby bringing upon the Entente the hostility of Turkey, Greece, and Bulgaria. It was in answer to the demand of Russia that the fatal expedition to Gallipoli was undertaken. It was on the faith of Russian promises of military assistance that we lured the unfortunate Roumanians into the war. Why did the British Government, without whose aid in money and arms the Entente would have collapsed in a week, allow Russia to make demands and dictate policy? Great Britain should have taken and kept the leadership of the Entente from the beginning of the war. The locking up of a splendid army at Salonica under General Sarrail must, we think, be ascribed to the influence of France, whose magnificent defence of the Western Front has countervailed what all must admit to have been a strategical mistake. With regard to the recent diversion of troops from the Western to the Italian front, the best opinions are divided, and we prefer to say nothing about it. But with this record of distracted counsels behind us, with this painful story of being tugged this way and that by different members of the Entente in our memory, is it not inevitable that the nation and Parliament should feel uneasy about the position of Britain in the Allied Council at Versailles? One question was answered by the Prime Minister. None of the Powers composing the Entente is supreme: all are equal: the task is one of co-ordination. The other question was not answered. Is Sir Henry Wilson over Sir William Robertson and Sir Douglas Haig, or is he not? The Prime Minister seemed to think that an answer on this point would give information to the enemy.

Is military success possible under conditions of co-ordination? Exactly the same difficulty confronted England perpetually during the long war between the Grand Alliance and Louis XIV. Great Britain, Holland, and the conglomeration of Germanic Powers were arrayed against France; and the disputes between the Allies as to the leadership were unceasing. These difficulties were overcome by the commanding presence and unfailing tact of the Duke of Marlborough. Ceaselessly attacked at home by Whigs and Tories, he had through a ten years' war to adjust the bitter wrangling between the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Duke of Savoy, the Elector of Hanover, the King of Sweden and the Dutch Republic. All in turn were compelled to submit to the magic of his manner and his commanding genius. What the Entente wants at this hour

is, not a Winston, but a John Churchill. Germany enjoys a great advantage over the Entente in this respect. Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria are the most obedient of allies, and never question for an instant the decisions of the German General Staff. But of the four Powers composing the Entente, France and the United States are Republics, and England and Italy are Constitutional Monarchies. The peoples of these four Powers are accustomed to the free discussion and criticism of everything that concerns them. Too much has been made of the interference of the Press: politicians and soldiers are far too touchy about it. The House of Commons sees that its power is passing rapidly from it, and it is jealous of the Press, which divides with the Labour Congresses the influence subtracted from Parliament. What the Entente peoples want is a military victory, and to the General who brought them a victory they would, we imagine, gladly confide the supreme command of the Allied armies, without troubling about his precise rank, or even nationality. This is the age of advertisement: let the Government insert in all the papers (without favour) the following notice: "Wanted, a Duke of Marlborough."

HOW DARE YOU BE RICH?

IN the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the other night, we came across this sentence as issuing from the mouth of a Government official: "In the prosecution of hoarders the Ministry is actuated only by this one great principle; the boy in the slum and the street must be as well fed as the boy at Eton; the man in the street must have the same amount of food as the man in Grosvenor Square." The speaker was Captain Penny, and he was, when we had the pleasure of seeing him, lodged, not indeed in Grosvenor Square, but in its comfortable cousin, Upper Grosvenor Street. Captain Penny showed himself to us, who had called for information, as the pink of politeness: he was blandly communicative: he was even genial. Yet all the while he struck a chill into our bones, for though he wore no tricolor sash, he seemed a kind of revolutionary judge, who might have been sitting at "the Abbaye," to hand us over to the mob at the gates.

If Captain Penny, who is the mouthpiece of Lord Rhondda, is in favour of universal levelling and the *partition des biens*, why does he not go the whole hog, and divide the few thousand millions that are left of the national capital into 10s. Treasury notes, to be shared by all alike? Money is only the token of food, clothes, and housing.

There was unanswerable common-sense in Dr. Johnson's rebuke to the republican Mrs. Macaulay: "Madam, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us. I thus, Sir, showed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves."

We live in a reign of terror, when to have a well-stored housekeeper's room or a fairly-stocked larder is a crime for which you may be imprisoned, and for which you will certainly be heavily fined, and suffer the confiscation of your goods. To-day it is a crime to write things displeasing to the Government in the press.

The Defence of the Realm Act is a charter of such vague and indefinite tyranny that no man can tell what may not to-morrow become an indictable offence by the mere issue of an "order" or "regulation," signed by anybody in one of the twenty Government Departments that watch every action of our lives, from our getting up to our lying down. To such a state of Prussianism have we been reduced that "alles ist verboten," everything is forbidden as an offence against democracy, even the making of a harmless joke at a luncheon-club, where there is no luncheon.

The greatest crime of all is to be rich, and those who have inherited or saved anything are trying to hide the fact. The pall of democracy is spreading its dreary folds

over the face of society. The days are gone when up went a sovereign in the shape of a pheasant, and down went a sovereign in the form of a bottle of champagne. There are to be no more cakes and ale, it is clear, except for the handworkers, who are toiling patriotically for treble their ordinary wages. And talking of ale, is the next thing we may expect a raid upon our cellars? Clearly, if the man in the street is entitled to the same food as the man in Grosvenor Square, he is entitled to the same drink. Indeed, so suddenly and secretly are these orders issued nowadays, that for aught we know Captain Penny may have already issued an edict forbidding anyone to keep more than one bottle of wine or spirits in his cellar.

Where is your cellar key? will be the next question addressed to the householder by an inspector, with Dora's warrant in his hand. Or millions of yellow forms will be thrust into our letter-boxes, asking for an exact list of the number of bottles, their brands, vintages, and prices, the dates on which they were delivered, etc., etc. The very thought is enough to turn one's claret sour! Sooner than submit to this insufferable tyranny, we would wash our doorstep with *Graves*, and polish our knocker with *Pol Roger*.

The real motive behind all this democratic claptrap about the equal division of food, and the absurdly vindictive fines imposed on so-called hoarders, is class-jealousy, the most despicable of human vices. It is, of course, necessary to take some steps to secure distribution, which is defective owing to want of railway transport, to absence of cold storage at centres, and to the fixing of prices which reduce production to a loss. If Lord Rhondda will provide increased railway carriage, will revise his price lists, and establish cold storage larders in the big towns, much of the shortage would cease. It is to us very doubtful whether the so-called hoarder is not a benefactor. Last spring and early summer the tea market, for instance, was well supplied: judging by the Mincing Lane prices it was slightly over-stocked. The man who purchases a year's supply in a full market may, if his buying be excessive, cause subsequent depletion. But if his purchases are not excessive he merely keeps himself out of the lean market that has been caused by submarines, and so helps to ease instead of aggravate the situation. But this reasoning (familiar to every business man) does not suit the Food Controller and staff. They must do something showy; something to prove that all men and women are equal; something to make the lady or her servant stand in the queue—for that's what they would be at! This is the real reason for the excessive fines, for the threats of imprisonment, for the limitation of stores to a week's consumption. This pandering to the worst passions of the pavement will bring ruin upon England, unless the upper and middle classes combine to protect themselves. Unfortunately these classes are cowardly, and much given to folding of the hands. They are so superficial and so apathetic that they will not use their only weapon, money, in their own defence. They imagine that they can save themselves by flattering and fawning upon their enemies in the press and in society. They will have a rude awakening.

Pleas'd to the last they crop the flow'ry food,
And lick the hand just rais'd to shed their blood."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

DO people nowadays realise the beauty of which the musical instrument is capable: beauty of colour and voice, and grace of form? Or have the piano-playing machines beloved of the moneyed Philistine and the gramophone of yet more undiscerning vulgarity demoralised our taste till it is past praying for? Their synthetic eructations and blarings, ground out by sewing-machine pedals or electricity, or wound up by springs and hand-turned cranks, answer to the snow-white linen spats and white slips to waistcoats that are the outward signs of self-satisfied success. (What is "Success," by the way?) How often has one heard the silly phrase, "I know nothing about music or art, but I know what

I like!" Just so! There's a great deal of taste in the world, and most of it bad. Good taste can only spring from Knowledge, Judgment and Sensibility, and all justly blended. Few people possess even any two of the three qualifications.

What a joy it would be to have an octave of children of one's own, grouped in an ascending scale and playing eight different instruments, in a carved gallery, lit up with candles, set in one's largest room, like an angel choir of Fra Filippo Lippi, calling back the time when England was a nest of singing birds, a home of lute and viol, giving forth harmonious melodies like Herrick's *Julia*, "walking in her chamber, Melting melodious words to lutes of amber."

Let us look round a collection of old musical instruments. Here is a tiny lute of ebony and ivory, with traceried sound hole, that might have been played by Arlequino in Venice when Voltaire's *Cacambo* met those six dethroned kings, amusing themselves with a little prayer o' mornings, a little love-making in the afternoons, and a little music, the throbbing of a lute across the lagoon, under the spell of the Venetian night. See, here is a Chittarone or Roman theorbo, lute-like, deep-bellied, with a long inlaid shaft, such as Giorgione might have lent to a nymph in Arcady; here an ivory flute like that on which Frederick the Great played at Potsdam; here an arpanetta, like some great zithern, curiously strung back and front, that the air might be played on the one side, the accompaniment on the other. Here is a viol d'amor, here a viol da gamba, adored of Mace and Playford of the "Ayres," Norwich names both; beside it a lute tuned for lover's voice, with its gracious' waist enriched with tortoise-shell and pearl, such as the lutanist Thomas Mace describes in words that are themselves a caress, worthy an instrument which is, above all, embracable, endearing, gifted with a soul. Fifteen graces for the lute did Mace teach: the single relish, the double relish, the slide, the back-fall, the springer, the tuff and the rest, played while you hold the lower part of the lute upon your right thigh, head erected against your shoulder and ear, stiff, and strongly set with its lower edge against the table-edge, leaning your breast somewhat hard against its ribs. A hundred pounds apiece was paid for your Venice lutes, made by the great Laux Maller, says Mace, "pitiful, old, battered, cracked things, your common lute of three or four pounds being often more illustrious and taking to a common eye." And on the lute he would play the air he called *My Mistress*, composed one night "when I was past being a suitor to my best-beloved, but not married, yet contriving the best and readiest way towards it," when "my secret genius or fancy prompted my fingers, do what I could, into this very humour, at last I was fain to take paper and set it down." Mace, whose family settled in Norwich, invented, too, the Dyphone or Double Lute of fifty strings, which, in old age, he was forced to sell in the year 1696, along with his books and other instruments, in default of pupils for "the Theorboe, the French Lute and the Vial, in all their excellent ways and uses."

The lute found place, as many a Dutch picture shows us, in close-panelled rooms at Haarlem when Sir Thomas Browne, meditating already on the Music of the Spheres, on the songs the Sirens sang, and on the "brass gilded harp" found in an urn in Norway, was a student at Leyden; twenty years later the country was to have its fill of English music to the same accompaniment, in the humbler quarters of exiled cavaliers. Nor must we forget the musette or little bagpipe, sometimes of undressed hide, primitive as that played by those droning bumble bees — *βαμβάλαιοι* — of which Aristophanes makes mock. Sometimes it was of satin or velvet, for the shepherds of Watteau and the courtiers to play on in their pastorals. See here the shepherd's pipe, homely perhaps, scarcely changed from that on which Sicilian shepherds pipe their loves in the idylls of Theocritus, or of ivory, decked with striped riband, for Strephon's use in a Trianon Arcadia, or in the china arbour groups of Bow or Chelsea.

Homer gave the Sirens voices. Greek art gave them the lyre and the flute. The flute, with its shrill lament, was played at the laying-out of the dead and in the last

procession, and to joyful music, for feast and dance. The lyre, strung over the length of the sounding box, or above it, from horn to curved horn, is the classic instrument of the ancients. It was used by rhapsodists as by schoolboys, at the Pythian games, by Sappho and Anacreon, in pictures and statues. To its strains Amphion raised the walls of Thebes, as Orpheus charmed the beasts and set the Argo, stuck fast upon the beach, a-plunge in the strange seas; to its music Horace prays that he may listen in old age, still sound of mind and body.

The harp, however, was the instrument of Barbarians, possibly because it belonged to the wild Celtic tribes that troubled Rome. Yet, as the fore-runner of unnecessary fur clothes, the single row of real, or even false pearls and the photograph in the sixpenny and the ha'penny illustrated papers, it became the hall-mark of social position in 18th century drawing-rooms. Its twang pervades the pages of Miss Edgeworth; Miss Austen's Louisa Musgrave walks alone to her brother's, even after dinner, to leave room for the harp in the carriage; it is a favourite instrument of Miss Ferrier's less known, but hardly less delectable, ladies. "I know one family," complains the vivacious Miss Pratt in 'The Inheritance,' "where there's five grown-up daughters that all play upon the harp, and such a tuning and stringing and thrumming goes on that I declare I get perfectly stupid. Not only that, but, as Anthony Whyte (her oracle) says, you used to be aware of your danger when you saw a piano or a fiddle in a house; but now you have music in all shapes, and such contrivances! There's musical glasses, and musical clocks, and musical snuff-boxes, and now they've got musical work-boxes."

Shakespeare and musical glasses have gone together since the days of Goldsmith, and there still exists Franklin's improvement on the last, the Panharmonicon, glasses of soft buffs and pinks and purples, strung on a bar and played like finger bowls by rubbing the rims with a finger dipped in tartaric acid.

Come and look at the vielle, inlaid or carved or inlaid with gay designs, or an organ with its bellows; the pochette, the dancing master's miniature fiddle, that lived snugly up his coat sleeve, or the small straight pochette used as a tuning fork, which, with whistle attached, gave the priest's signal for the choir to start; or—strange company for this civilisation—the Zulu tom-tom, echoed from hill to hill, or the cymbals, clashed in the mad worship of Isis or Cybele.

The Zither and Dulcimer are made to-day. The first with six strings sometimes, to be played by a plectrum, and with six notes for easier hand-work—notes which grin a smile from out the sort of bridge on which they rest, showing their ivory teeth at you; the dulcimer, strung on one side or both, designed to lie upon a table. These are less attractive than that little Cinquecento Umbrian chamber organ for an oratory, with its tiny votive shrine, meet offering for St. Cecilia, carved into the lid; than the harpsichord or spinet, its lid chiselled or painted in the taste of the time; than the Sérinette or bird organ, warbling its canary's strains from a box of satin-wood and ormolu to rejoice the heart of a lady of the court of Louis XIV.; than the clavicembalo adorned with its grey mythology, or the early pianoforte inlaid with medallions of Wedgwood let into a satin-wood case, designed by Sheraton, for the use of a Spanish prince. The hurdy-gurdy, too, now fallen from its high estate, is not without its charm in a sixteenth century case adorned with incised and inlaid patterns. Nearly allied to it is the ecclesiastical barrel organ of the early nineteenth century, with its repertory of approved psalm tunes, such as was played in a Norwich church within living memory. Pope preferred a barrel organ to an oratorio by Handel.

Yet these are dull beside the instruments of the historic past which are still with us: the guitar of Rizzio with its ten strings and its graceful body inlaid with mother-of-pearl fleurs de lys; the virginal and lute of Queen Elizabeth, famed for her playing upon either instrument, who, music lover as she was, sent an English organ to the Sultan as a fitting gift; the harpsichord of Handel himself, with its double keyboard, its dingy

cover, and its delicate inner paintings of flowers and leaves, made by Andreas Rucker of Antwerp in 1651.

Music in fiction and romance—what a field for thought to roam in! Demodocus at Alcinous' feast, Cœur de Lion's Blondel, Taliessen, the ancient British bard, and a hundred more, we pass them by and accompany Cyrano to the garden of his lady: we see him set his sentinel with the theorbo, to strike upon it an "air triste" if a man come by, an "air gai" if a woman; we see him start puzzled as both airs are heard and solve the riddle when a monk approaches.

Yet it was the perfecting of the harpsichord into the pianoforte that gave the deathblow to instrumental music in England. Originally brought to England by Fanny Burney's Daddy Crisp, the piano established itself by degrees as the instrument without which no well-to-do house was complete, then, or as now in munition areas, whether anyone could play it or not. The harp, difficult to keep in tune, and needing constant restringing, was thus displaced, vocal music to a harp accompaniment disappeared, and, with it, the wood wind and string instruments, of days when every cultivated man or woman could take part in a concerto. Sadder still, the village bands have gone, and with them the last of the true country music of which our older songs are full. The burden of "The Flowers of the Valley," for instance, "the harp, the lute, the pipe, the flute, the cymbal, Sweet goes the treble violin," is true folk music, bearing witness to the tunefulness of a merry England, like the hunting horn and pipe of yet older songs. "Ut hoy, for in his pipe he made much joy," sang the shepherd, and that joy survived at Harvest for the villager in his choir gallery in Norfolk churches until thirty years ago, when the music of fiddle and flute, hautbois, double-bass, vamp trumpet and cornet ascended to Heaven with sweeter sound, perhaps, than the chants of surpliced choirs coarsened by the harmonium of to-day. Corneteers welcomed Queen Elizabeth to Worcester Cathedral in 1573; Archbishop Laud appointed sackbutters at Canterbury in 1636.

Music is the voice and food of love and exaltation—the expression of self, the solace of the soul. We want no archaic revival, to expire in the efforts of Societies, but a movement from the parlour, from the drawing-room, from the people, to drive out ragtime "ballads" and music-(!) hall inanities, and to give us music in their place. Think of that band of wood wind and strings, and the youngsters of your family the performers.

Machines for playing pianos, gramophones wound up with cranks. Ugh!

THE TRUE RABELAIS.

HOW many of those who call themselves Rabelaisians really know anything at all about François Rabelais and the amazing books which reflect, in a magic mirror, his character as well as his career? With nearly all the admirers of Gargantua and Pantagruel in this country, and too many in France, "Rabelaisian" is still a definition of the coarsest kind of buffoonery and Rabelais himself only a portentous example of the tap-room purveyor of indecorous anecdotes. He has himself to blame, no doubt, for this absurd libel. A thorough-going humanist and a hater of mediaeval asceticism he too readily accepted the doctrine of Horace that nobody without the Bacchic enthusiasm could possibly deserve the name of poet. Hence his Pantagruel is popularly thought of rather as a patron of deep drinking (did he not abolish thirst in the realm of the Dipsodes?) and high feeding and all forms of expansive jollity than as the model of a kindly, humane, and cultured prince—the typical prince of the Age of Enlightenment as Rabelais saw him in a vision that too soon faded into the grey light of uncomfortable days. There was nothing for it but to make the author a drunken buffoon, and to buttress up the superficial criticism by the legend that he was born in a tavern called "La Lamproie" in a street in Chinon, and was actually the son of the inn-keeper.

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The famous line of the old drinking song, "Mihi est propositum in tabernā mori," may be accepted as holding out the promise of a happy-go-lucky euthanasia even in the lands other than that of beer-manners (Germany), whose inhabitants are Rabelaisian in the very worst sense of the epithet. But to have been born in a tavern towards the end of the fifteenth century, even if Raphael, Luther, and the "residentiary" Thomas Parr shared one's birthday, was to be cut off to the close of one's immortality from the society of all gentlemen of letters. Such has been the fate of François Rabelais for many a contemptuous generation. But, as all his true disciples now know, there is not a grain of truth in the popular legend. It has been blown sky-high by the researches of MM. Lefranc, Grimaud and H. Clouzot, and other members of the "Société des Etudes Rabelaisiennes," which ought to have its counterpart in this country. He was, in fact, born at La Devinière, a wine-farm belonging to his father, who was a "licencié ès lois" of good birth, and the possessor of various properties in the vicinity of Chinonais. He was a gentleman by birth and breeding, probably interested in hawking and other country sports, who acquired in his boyhood the power of minute observation. He never lost this observant faculty in all the after years when, in the pursuit of fine learning, he became in succession a theological student at Angers, a Franciscan friar at Fontenay-le-Comte, a Benedictine brother at Maillezais, a student at Paris, and a physician at Lyons, Turin, Rome and Metz. Because of his seeing and understanding eye (which is necessary if one wishes to get on well with all sorts and conditions of men) he had a genius for friendship, and we find him consorting intimately with famous scholars and high-placed men and women of the world in each fresh environment. He was learned in theology, law, and medicine, and all manner of homely, necessary arts (such as cooking, a master-art of Latin life throughout all the ages). And, since he was *au fond* a country gentleman, a blithe, open-air common-sense prevented him from ever becoming a bookish person, much less one of the book-insects which for so many centuries have been building up the ever-submerging vast reef of scholasticism and the philosophy of life and letters based thereon. He lived at the height of his wondrous age, and we can see that his friends warmed their hands at him as at a wood-fire in the Chinonais, prattling joyously and flinging up into the azure air quaint, curling wreaths of aromatic smoke.

As for his books, they are the strongest and subtlest engines of war ever invented for the destruction of the stupendous impostures of mediaeval learning. He and Cervantes, with whom he may be justly compared, helped the world to regain touch with the realities of life. They and Erasmus, who finds the working model of a civilised society in England, were the pioneers of modernity. But none of the three, least of all Rabelais, wished to destroy still vital traditions. In "Rabelais In His Writings" (Cambridge University Press, 6s. net) Mr. W. F. Smith, a distinguished Johnian and the keenest and most conscientious Rabelaisian in this country, has given us an excellent chart of the master's mind. Rabelais had read widely and deeply, and only those acquainted with the sources of his erudition—the Vulgate, the scholastic philosophers, Homer and Hesiod, the Latin poets, most of the ancient historians, a vast array of antiquaries, geographers, physicians, and writers on law, the humanistic writers and those who commented on them, moralities and mystery plays, broadsides hawked about by pedlars, etc.—can appreciate the infinite allusiveness which conceals a myriad stings of satire. His coarseness is on the surface as a rule, and is the fault of the age in which he lived, when even the easy reticence of previous centuries had been suddenly relaxed. The academic snobbery, which confines the reading of students as far as possible to Latin authors of a "golden" age, has closed the great library of later Latin literature from Augustine to Erasmus for many an educated Englishman. Only in France do

we find men so amply at home in the highways and by-ways of mediaeval letters that they can follow every turn of Rabelais's sustained criticism of mediaeval sentiment run to seed in sentimentality. Not to know the book he has in mind and recalls by means of a cunningly-twisted quotation or parody that amplifies or exaggerates is often to miss the whole point of a stroke of irony. He fights with a slap-stick in one hand and a thin, supple stiletto in the other—and while the shallowest reader observes the echoing impact of the former, it takes a wise and attentive scholar (such as Mr. Smith) to notice the fatal wound imperceptibly dealt by the latter. In its broad outlines, however, his plan of campaign can be followed by those with little Latin and less Greek, if they will only submit themselves to the guidance of his Johnian disciple, or, better still, to that of the latest school of French commentators. In religion, for example, he is really quite free from the barbarian cocksureness of Luther, though suspected of it in his own times when the humourist was often regarded as a *camouflaged* heretic and actually complimented in the century that followed as a Protestant influence! Rabelais, like Erasmus, felt antipathy to the established religion much more on account of the tendency to make ignorance one of the deadly virtues, and the efforts made by the monastic orders to suppress the new learning than because of doctrinal differences. He had no love of the monasteries which had become in his time cities of refuge for the physically or mentally incapable scions of good families and for those who wished to contract out of the reasonable toil of ordinary life. But he was too good a sportsman not to discriminate in his attack on the orders. He had no mercy on the mendicants, debauched hinderers of all true learning. He hated with all his heart the typical mendicant who, when he heard the grace *Benedictus benedicat*, replied *Franciscus franciscat*. But, as his resolute, ready, kindly, helpful unread *barbare* of a Brother John proves, he always had a lingering fondness for the Benedictines, who fostered sound learning and agriculture during so many centuries. In all his hard thwacking and subtle stiletto work, even when he is dealing with the corrupters of Latin, a fine spirit of fair-play can be discerned.

The curious thing is that English authors of the first rank have drawn upon this inexhaustible Rabelais more than the men of letters of his own land. Molière, of course, is often truly Rabelaisian; so at times are Montaigne, Pasquier, Brantôme, and, very superficially, the Balzac of the *Contes Drolatiques*. But the list of English disciples is a much longer one; it includes the names of Ben Jonson, Burton, Thomas Browne, Butler, Sterne, and Scott. 'Hudibras' is the closest to the spirit as well as the letter of Rabelais's books.

MUSIC: NATIVE SOLOISTS.

CUT off from the Continent as we are, the rare appearance of a foreign virtuoso on these shores is no more matter for wonder than it is, speaking candidly, for regret. It is having one good result, at any rate: the younger group of our native instrumentalists of the first rank is commanding a degree of appreciation such as scarcely fell to the lot of the generation that preceded them. Not that they are more gifted or more popular. It is just that there is more room for them in those central areas where they can display their mettle to advantage, bid with effect for the applause of the multitude, and, let us hope, incidentally achieve the necessary feat of putting money in their purse. Their position, in fact, has greatly improved since the first year or so of the war, when there were more Cassandras in the musical world than almost any other sphere of art. Meanwhile the senior branch is also holding its own. Two of the best pupils that Madame Schumann ever had—two of the finest English pianists of all time, who made their debuts at the "Pops" in the old days, and were there

associated with Joachim and Piatti and Lady Hallé—I mean Fanny Davies and Leonard Borwick—are both occasionally before the public and playing as splendidly as ever. Mr. Borwick might, indeed, with advantage be heard more often; his performance of the G minor Saint-Saëns concerto at Queen's Hall the other day would have given pleasure to the *difficile* old French master himself.

Quite a number of recitals have been given recently by British pianists and violinists who are fortunate enough to fall within the limited category referred to above; and their enterprise, it must be admitted, has not gone unrewarded. As worthy examples one may mention Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, an old Royal Academy student, whose mastery of the keyboard has grown wonderfully of late; and Miss Daisy Kennedy, whose sound technique can unquestionably compare with that of any living violinist of her sex. I was glad to see so many young people present at their recitals, the educational value of which could hardly have been over-estimated. Truly, Miss Peppercorn handicapped herself somewhat by choosing Brahms's dry Variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel, brilliantly as she conquered their difficulties; but her Schumann selection and Mr. McEuen's 'Vignettes sur la Côte d'Argent'—a charmingly delicate and graceful little suite of five pieces—afforded ample compensation. It was a daring thing for Miss Kennedy to devote her entire programme to Bach, and then limit her admirers to the uncomfortable concert hour that comes between tea and dinner. It seemed in a double sense to be drawing a bow at a venture. Yet somehow the clever young artist hit the mark with unerring aim, for her broad, resonant tone, dignified sweep of arm, and true sense of nobility and proportion in the phrasing of things like the Chaconne and the concerto in E major amply warranted her assumption of the responsibilities of a real Bach player.

With orchestra were heard on Saturday at Queen's Hall two more native executants, Miss Myra Hess and Mr. Albert Sammons, whose upward careers have been followed with entire satisfaction. Miss Hess gave an admirable exhibition of smooth legato playing in César Franck's Symphonic Variations, and Mr. Sammons combined sweetness with brilliancy in the Symphonic Espagnole of Edouard Lalo.

H. K.

THE CASE OF THE YOUNG OFFICER.

OF the various problems of material and personnel which beset the welfare of our armies much is written from time to time, but only lately has expression been given to the very general feeling about the more psychological problem of "soullessness." Unfortunately soullessness is not confined to the War Office. It spreads its poisonous roots downwards through the whole military system. Every civil profession, trade and craft is now comprised in our forces, and every type, character and manner of man. We have in effect the spectacle of the citizen army of the ancient Athenians paralleled on a great scale; what is more, we see the same actuating spirit—the spirit of individualism opposed to any form of despotic or social tyranny. How then is there any room for soullessness, surely the uncoveted monopoly of the Prussian? Thus, you cannot apply the manners and methods of the old professional army to the new emergency army; yet this is what has been done. You cannot, because they are too crabbed. Inflexibility and coercion, which served well enough in peace time among men who joined for the sake of the profession, must give place to consideration and patience during war among men who joined solely and exclusively to see that war through.

Probably the young officers of the New Army are those who are most subjected to this damping reception of their proffered sacrifice, because as a rule they come of a class which has more formed opinions and code; such are 'Varsity men, young professional men and the like. In the early days of the war they cheerfully relinquished prospects and careers, sometimes of brilliant promise, and offered themselves without

reserve to their country. Their country accepted their offer and handed them over to a senior officer of the old school, who after eyeing them fiercely through a monocle, mentally stigmatised them (from habit) as "young puppies" and proceeded to break them in. He was inclined to look upon them as interlopers, and vaguely resented their trespassing on his professional preserves. Besides some of them appeared to have "brains," and that admittedly is bad form.

An instance occurred, not long ago, of a young subaltern who sat at dinner in a new mess next to the commanding officer. The latter, amidst the portentous silence of the thirty-odd officers at table, monopolised the entire conversation in a loud and authoritative tone of voice. In the course of this, turning to his latest-joined subordinate, he demanded whether he played the pianoforte and was answered in the affirmative. "Not classical music, of course," he added with a laugh, glancing round the table for applause. "I trust nobody in this mess understands classical music." The suggestion was tactfully repudiated by the subaltern, who was in point of fact an Oxford Bachelor of Music.

Another commanding officer, who believed that one of his captains (an experienced schoolmaster) held opinions—unconnected with military matters—which did not tally with his own, summoned the delinquent to his Orderly Room and in a lengthy reprimand peremptorily ordered him to change his views! He forgot that the junior officer of to-day is a very different person from the lively subaltern fresh from Sandhurst. How can a man, who has already trained for and entered upon some civil career, suddenly, on joining the army from entirely sober and disinterested motives, dismiss at command from his mind all the experience and development he has gained, and assimilate instead the manners and braggadocio of the feckless product of the crammer?

The old order changes: the idea of discipline which damns a young man's career because, having mislaid his kid gloves, he wears a woollen pair on parade, must go. Yet such a case is not even an exaggeration of what actually occurs only too often; some slight occasion causes a "bad impression," and nothing the unlucky culprit can do thereafter is right, his promotion is baulked, and perhaps an adverse "confidential report" finally injures his prospects.

A confidential report is a written expression of a commanding officer's unsupported personal opinion of a subordinate's competency submitted to the higher authorities. Practically the subject of it cannot get a hearing: a senior's studied opinion will be sure to outweigh anything he can say in his defence. Probably his incompetency consisted merely in a temperamental difference from his superior, which the latter did not attempt to understand or bridge. Often this is so (though of course "officially" no such thing as temperament exists), and the supposedly incompetent junior, under the command of one who sympathetically studies his character, giving scope to his peculiar abilities and tastes, proves a most valuable and loyal assistant. But the difficulty is for him to escape; for the original adverse report seems to be followed by an endless correspondence lasting over months, and during this time he may have to suffer constant petty tyrannies, which, if noticed by the men, must result in loss of authority. Meantime no application for transfer to another unit can be considered, as by recommending such the commanding officer conceives that he would stultify his own statement. The consequence is that the young officer, not of choice but of necessity, begins to deserve the character given him. If eventually he is moved to another unit, the stigma precedes him and he starts handicapped.

This is the sword of Damocles that hangs over the head of boys who in a generous impulse surrendered their independence to their country.

A more humorous offspring of the disciplinary ideals of the old school is the Officers' Dress Regulation. What is a young barrister, say, or a senior wrangler to think, when solemnly ordered under pain of severe animadversion to cut off the turned-up ankles of his

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trouser-legs, or forbidden to smoke a pipe on the platform while waiting for his train? These little pin-pricks do not, as is claimed for them, serve to create respect for discipline: they are merely a tiresome survival of what Thomas Atkins long since christened "eye-wash." Men who joined the Army voluntarily were naturally prepared to submit to authority; but by the multiplication of such puny restrictions as these, which it is impossible to take very seriously, you multiply possible puny breaches.

A great contrast to these superannuated methods is the discipline obtained by the commander who shows humanity in his treatment of his subordinates. He does not view them *en masse* and expect a standard pattern from men of totally different dispositions. He never seems to use threats or punishment, because he never needs to; he never shouts or insults or poses as infallible. He has mastered the great secret of true discipline, mastery of himself, and he knows that pomposity and self-importance do not convince a soul.

If these qualities received the "official recognition" of the authorities and were held up to imitation we should not have instances of junior officers due to return to the front applying in writing not to be placed under the command of some named martinet. It were a crying pity if an army raised with such a fine devotion should have its spirit crushed by an insensate policy, and thus by adopting Prussianism to defeat the Prussians vindicate that very system which it set out to abolish.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Pascal told us "Gouverner c'est prévoir." Has the House of Lords justified its existence by its prescience? or has it not rather sealed its doom by a naive and blind nescience? even as the majority of our politicians by their total lack of "hindsight, insight, and foresight."

In your issue of the 2nd inst. you tell us—and I should like to emphasise what you say by repeating it—"In truth, the horrors of the Russian Revolution have been worse and more varied than those of the French Revolution. In the revolt of the Baltic fleet, the Admiral and the officers were thrust down holes in the ice, and a ship's barber was appointed Admiral. A General had his hands cut off, and after being carried round the town, was finally hacked to pieces before his family. Another General was stoned to death in his carriage in the streets of Moscow. Officers and helpless civilians have been murdered wholesale: banks have been looted: debts repudiated: British mining property has been confiscated: lands have been seized in the provinces and where the land-owners objected, their castles have been set on fire. The Constituent Assembly recently elected has been dispersed by bayonet and cannon." In fact, the Bolsheviks have been acting up to their motto, "Anarchy is the mother of Order."

Now what do our presumptive legislators and rulers think of all these appalling horrors and their perpetrators?

It was reported in the *Morning Post* of the 22nd ult. that Mrs. E. Lowe, who is on the Executive Council of "The Women's Labour League"—which is affiliated to the Labour Party—said at their annual Conference: "That they particularly welcomed the brave and democratic stand made by their Russian comrades."

At the last Brighton election, the radical candidate told the electors that "They all agreed that the granting of the franchise to women was a step towards adult suffrage, which he supported. It had been carefully estimated that 82 per cent. of the women who would get the vote belonged to the working classes." Mrs. Lowe has publicly intimated what ideals "The Women's Labour League" cherishes.

Furthermore, by adult suffrage, female voters will predominate over male voters by at least two millions. The British Empire will then be gynaecocratic—not

democratic—or as one notorious feminist has recently stated in the Public Press—"We (women) are the majority in a world in which men themselves have decided that the majority shall rule."

Can we regret the passing of this so-called "House of Lords"? Lords of what?

I. H. H. GOSSET.

THE STATE AND THE DOCTOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The problem of getting the Medical profession back to work again will anyhow be one of great difficulty; and now it is modified by two unknown factors, the length of the war, and who is going to win it. (That is why I doubt if much is to be gained by thrashing out the subject now.) The State cannot in fairness take such action when more than half the profession is abroad, and when these people abroad have such a lot at stake in the way of vested interests in practice.

For two years before the war we spent endless hours discussing the Report on University Education. The subject led to great controversy and no decision had been come to when the war started, and I think every one had got very stale on the subject.

The Voluntary hospitals contain very big vested interests and possess many privileges which they will fight hard to maintain. I think the matter will end in a compromise. The State will give grants for certain definite objects, teaching research and special departments, but will probably not take on the hospitals in their entirety. At least that is how I read the problem. The rich public will refuse to have their doctor chosen for them. Again I don't think the State will be willing to pay a fair price for the services rendered.

The young man who comes home from the war will expect to have a big say in any settlement of this question; and again, the longer the war lasts the more medical women will be qualified and ready to have their say, which is going to modify the problem considerably. The State will probably use them as a lever, and try to employ women at cheap rates, instead of men, many of whom will at once be very busy and not able to attend to their interests. On the whole I think there will be much talk of a Ministry of Health, but no real attempt to establish it while the war is still going.

It would mean the ousting of the L.G.B. and the Education office, who both own at present certain branches of the subject, and you know what inter-departmental jealousies in the Civil Service mean. When you add to that the Universities, Hospitals, and practitioners all pulling for their own hands you have a pretty tough proposition.

It will need a man with intimate knowledge of the subject and dictatorial powers to ride through all this, if anything is to be done that is to be of any use.

Unfortunately I am afraid they may select Dr. Addison, who is an anatomist, and who has never practised, I believe. I doubt if he would have the confidence of the profession.

Yours faithfully,
ESCALAPIUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The attempt about to be made by State Socialists to nationalise the Medical Profession is to be regarded as nothing less than a national calamity, from the point of view of the public health. It can only lead to greater deterioration than ever of the professional efficiency of the medical man, and of the ideal relationship between the family doctor and his patient, such as existed prior to the introduction of the ill-fated and disastrous Insurance Act, which, in respect of its avowed object, "the improvement of the public health," has been such a notable, such a miserable, and such an increasingly costly failure.

Notwithstanding such a dismal result, Socialists outside, and, alas! a few inside, the medical profession, still dream of the Medical Millennium to be achieved by State Control. They appear to ignore entirely what is going on around them daily in England, not to speak of Russia, when a cast-iron Bureaucracy is attempting to deal with the delicate relationships of Trade and Commerce. Such things are delicate enough; but Medicine, and the relationship between doctor and patient, above all things, demand for efficiency a degree of elasticity, and individual treatment, which all experience has shown to be quite impossible under Government control.

Under such control, everything has to be "Standardised," and real efficiency is sacrificed to a false economy—false economy, for instance, in the supply of the best medicines and appliances, on the one hand, and, on the other side, a wholly unbusinesslike wastefulness of time, paper and money, in the filling up of unnecessary schedules and reports, and duplicating them *ad nauseam*.

In short, State control means the substitution for intelligent, professionally-keen, human, sympathetic and business-like management, of a monster such as was described in a well-known Classical Dictionary as "Damastes, also called Procrustes, or the Stretcher. His custom was to lay his guests upon his bed, and, if they were too short for it, to rack them to death; if too long, to cut off as much of their limbs as would make them short enough. He was slain by Theseus."

Let us hope that some modern Theseus will arise to slay this reincarnated Procrustes, State-control of Everything!

The Parish Doctor, individually, may be a pattern of disinterestedness and devotion. So, also, may be the Panel Doctor. But, collectively, we all know that the term "Parish Doctor" has become a by-word, and that the Panel Doctor's reputation, in not a few districts, is fast becoming, in the eyes of a long-suffering public, little better than that of his predecessor. The blame is, in both instances, to be attributed to the fact that, essentially, they have both become Government officials. The question is, are we likely to get better medical men if they are Government officials than otherwise, as hitherto? Undoubtedly, not. In the recent report as to the Mesopotamia scandals attention was called by a medical witness to the extraordinarily backward state of Government-controlled hospitals in India, in spite of repeated protests for years.

As a contrast, we see British civilian hospitals, controlled by a lay board of business men, and staffed by the best available medical and surgical experts, which have become famous all the world over, as marvels of comfort and efficiency, and yet withal managed with a wise economy. In view of the manifest bungling and wasteful incompetence of Government control, heaven preserve our civil population and our splendid voluntary hospitals from State mis-management.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,
HENRY CURTIS, F.R.C.S.

London, W.1.

NERVE-SHATTERED PENSIONERS: MORE "COUNTRY HOSTS" NEEDED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The "Country Host" scheme came into being as the result of a letter from Dr. Thomas Lumsden published in the Press six months ago. The scheme has been experimentally sanctioned and tried by the Ministry of Pensions and the London War Pensions Committee. All the patients who have resided with "Country Hosts" have made excellent progress, and have put on weight at the average rate of roughly one pound per week, in spite of adverse weather and of the fact that all of them had been discharged from hospitals because no more could be done for them.

The Ministry of Pensions is being asked by the London Committee and by the War Pensions Joint Advisory Committee for Kent, Surrey, and Sussex to extend to more pensioners the benefit of the scheme.

The aim of the "Country Host" scheme is by

degrees to get these discharged soldiers back to useful life, and to prevent their drifting into chronic invalidism, and the method adopted is to send them to work on the land or in gardens, under the care and supervision of "Country Hosts." More "Hosts" within easy reach westwards of London are much needed.

The following are the working conditions of the scheme:—

1. The host provides free lodging, lights, firing and attendance—i.e., cooking for the man and care of his room, but incurs no medical responsibility for him or his well-being.

2. The host must have a good-sized garden or farm in which suitable light outdoor work can be found for the patient.

3. The men selected for treatment shall be of good character, sober, not suffering from any serious symptoms, and able to look after themselves. In case of ordinary illness the men should be attended by the local panel doctor.

4. An allowance of at least 15s. per week will if required be paid direct to the actual host—e.g., the gardener housing the man.

5. Full instructions as to diet, rest, work and general treatment will be sent to his host with each man.

6. The host is requested to report to the Hon. Organiser, on the forms supplied, every fortnight the progress of his guest.

7. The treatment will generally occupy three months, and towards the end of their course the men should be able to perform much useful agricultural work, thus increasing the country's food supply while at the same time confirming their own cure.

There must be very many people living quietly in the country, away from the air raid area, who are anxious to help those who have suffered in the stress of battle. Here, then, is their opportunity in a practical form. There can be no more patriotic and dutiful service than that of helping back to health and happiness those whose nerves have been shattered in facing our foes and fighting for our freedom. Everyone willing to become a "Host," or desiring further information, should communicate at once with the Hon. Sec., Country Host Institution, 15, South Eaton Place, S.W. 1.

SLIGO, Chairman, Country Host Institution.
KNUTSFORD, Vice-Chairman.

ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your leading article, under the above heading, you tell us that:

"It is much, very much, that there should be in every parish an English gentleman whose calling is, by precept and example, to elevate the minds and purify the conduct of his neighbours."

This is well said, but surely the Established Church must be falling short in some essential conditions of what Dean Inge calls "institutional Christianity" when we have the evidence, supplied in the correspondence columns of only one influential provincial newspaper, the *Yorkshire Post*, that many of these said English gentlemen, appointed by the Church in rural parishes, are in the direst straits of poverty owing to the all-round rise in costs of living.

It is assumed that those who take holy orders in the Established Church are of equal education, attainments, and refinement of outlook. May we not, therefore, appeal to the two Scottish gentlemen at the head of the Established Church of England to take immediate steps to see that the scandal to which I have alluded shall be put a stop to? One of these Scottish gentleman is announced as embarking shortly upon a tour in the United States of America. Possibly the other, who is remaining with us, possesses vision enough to see the necessity for prompt action, on behalf of his absent brother, and himself.

Your obedient Servant,
J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.
Glendora, Hindhead, Surrey, Feb. 11, 1918.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
SIR,—The leading article under this heading, which would better have been entitled "Ecclesiastical Policy," in the SATURDAY REVIEW of February 9, comes to this: Christianity is not true but is useful; and as usefulness is much more important than truth it is folly to trouble about the less if you can secure the greater. Moreover, if there be too much inquiry about the truth of Christianity, it may lead to difficulties and undermine its usefulness. Therefore ask no questions.

You may take the credit of honestly assuming a profoundly dishonest position—a position very old in the history of religion and politics. It is a more respectable position than that of the man who pretends he does believe what he does not believe from motives of policy. The distinction between "institutional" and any other religion is a mere figment invented to get over a difficulty; the expediency you value so highly has no necessary connection with religion, rather going under the cloak of religion it is a fraud, and so anti-religious. No Christian—churchman or other—can accept such a position for a moment.

It is time the small group of Broad Churchmen, who are trusted equally little by Evangelicals and High Churchmen, were put in their place. They in no sense represent the mind of the Church of England, and owe their absurdly exaggerated importance to the number of offices they hold and their way of keeping themselves constantly before the public by writing and talking. Other clergymen, quite as intellectual and quite as competent to write, give their time to personal work amongst the men and women whom it is their duty to help as their parish priest. This devotion to duty is not talked of and does not figure in the Press. It is not the high road in these days to office and dignity.

It does not matter much that these men get more than their due share of promotion, but it does matter that they get themselves taken as an infinitely more considerable factor in the Church of England than they are. Let the Church receive a reasonable amount of "liberty and self-government," and they will speedily realise their comparative insignificance.

Yours obediently, HAROLD HODGE.

INDIGO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have for a long time wondered why indigo people do not organise, because, quite apart from merits, there is a shortage of dyes, and there is no probability of other dyes being adequate to meet the general demand. It is a remarkable thing that Government aid should have been given to encourage German productions.

I cordially greet Mr. Alex. W. Playne, and I shall be most happy to attend any conference that may be convened to discuss the whole situation. There should be no difficulty in coming to a decision as to whether or not the industry is capable of revival by organisation. If such a meeting is held, and it is decided that an attempt at organisation be made, it should result in the revival of one of the oldest industries in the world, and be of great importance both to this country and to India. The Indian indigo trade fell from three million to a quarter of a million sterling in the course of some twenty years, and whatever the cause was, it has never been dealt with, and no serious attempt has ever been made to deal with it on an organised business footing. To rely, as some did, on the India Office, or, in fact, any other Government office, to do the work that persons entrusted with industry should have done, was to court failure. It may be that the time will come when, under Socialism or Syndicalism, we shall have food popped into our mouths and clothes put on our backs as a matter of course; but until that millennium arrives articles of commerce have to be produced and distributed. The irony of the situation is that whilst we are short of dyes, indigo stocks are accumulating in India simply because the people concerned do not attend to the question of distribution.—Your obedient servant, A. E. BALE.

45, Sudbourne Road, Brixton, S.W. 2,

REVIEWS.

IN PRAISE OF OLIGARCHY.

The Limits of Pure Democracy. By W. H. Mallock. Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.

M R. MALLOCK writes as cogently as ever, though the later years have brought with them a change of method. The mocking Mr. Mallock of 'The New Republic' and 'Positivism on an Island' has ceased to be, much to the regret of some of us. Mr. Mallock, the novelist, no longer supplies the fit, though possibly the few, with those deeply observant studies, 'The Old Order Changes,' and the rest of them. Here again we are sensible of a loss. But though he now devotes himself to social philosophy and has abandoned the lighter vein, except in the illustration of his argument, the objects of his attack remain the same. They are the political and economic shams and catchwords that wag the world to-day. It is well that an analytic mind should be brought to bear on these delusions, because none escapes them, least of all our rulers. President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George proclaim in a resonant duet that the present war is a war of the democracies against autocracy. They affix their signatures to the comfortable doctrine that "the will of the people" must prevail. And so Mr. Mallock's Socratic inquiry into what they mean, or if they have any meaning at all, is about as pertinent a contribution to current thought as can be imagined.

Among the numerous attempts to define democracy in the eighteenth century, the formula of the right of each citizen to "an equal voice in the government of the common country in virtue of his manhood alone" has at any rate the merit of brevity. It implies, in Walt Whitman's telling phrase, the rule of "the divine average" or mass of inconspicuous men. As Mr. Mallock demonstrates, however, by many whimsical but none the less true examples, this system can only obtain in communities, restricted in numbers, and primitive in their wants. Directly complexities arise, directly anything in the nature of civilisation comes into existence, pure democracy proceeds to stultify itself. Mr. Arthur Henderson may be astonished to learn that a newspaper Press would be undemocratic, even were it confined to journals like "The Star," which profess with undeviating fidelity to echo the "program" of "Labor." Does not the able editor endeavour to impose his own views on the various units of "the divine average," and thereby to deprive them of that "equal voice" which is their inalienable right? In the same way Parliamentary candidates, canvassing, and still more committees or caucuses, are all departures from the faith once delivered to Jean Jacques and Tom Paine. They are iniquitous with the iniquity of commercial prospectuses and boards of directors. Pure democracy, in short, can only survive in some isolated pastoral tribe, or in some settlement kept together by the bond of religion. The Shakers form the only modern instance of the kind that has reached a respectable age. And somehow Mr. Mallock's mention of the Shakers sent us back to our Gibbon and to the monks of the Thebaid. "Thirty or forty brethren," we read, "composed a family of separate discipline and diet," an ideal number. But we were reminded with sorrow that before very long "the fervour of new monasteries was insensibly relaxed, and the voracious appetite of the Gauls could not imitate the patient and temperate virtue of the Egyptians." The Gauls violated the doctrine of "the divine average."

All that President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George really convey, then, by the "democracy" is the ascendancy of the majority, a majority that happens to be composed of the working classes. Minorities, according to that marplot humourist and alleged democrat, Mr. Birrell, "must always suffer." The people, or rather the greater part of it, is justified in making its "will" to prevail. But "will" is frequently confused with "wish," since a desire can only become operative if devoted to practical objects. Even so, "the will of the people" is largely an inept expression, because as applied to a difficult theory like bimetallism, to intricate

finance or a complicated factory Bill, the people, if left to itself, has no will, for the simple reason that such matters are beyond the comprehension of "the divine average." And so Mr. Mallock gets to his main conclusion; "democracy only knows itself through the co-operation of oligarchy." That last is, no doubt, a term with unfortunate associations. It recalls the Roman Senate, an inefficient body, particularly in its decline; those unhappy Corcyreans whom the democrats shut up in a temple and did to death; that sink of corruption, the Venetian oligarchy of the Whigs and so forth. Still the word is the only possible alternative to democracy as implying those whose abilities and powers to use them overtops the "divine average," and must therefore stand.

In industry the oligarchs are capitalists. By the crude Socialism of Karl Marx that class was denounced as a gang of robbers, who "sat in their chairs and watched the machine go," and who lowered wages to the dead level of a bare means of subsistence. The delicate variety of modern enterprise has taught even Socialists, however, that organisation counts for a very great deal, while there are hard statistics to show that the "enormous profits" stolen from the products of the workers amount to no more than 25 per cent.—the recent Socialist figure—that wages, so far from sinking, have been graduated and raised, and that artisans spend far more on luxuries to-day than their ancestors of a century ago. Socialism accordingly has changed its ground. The need of direction is admitted, but distribution, it is contended, should follow a system by which, in the precise language of Mr. Bernard Shaw, every man would have a standard income decided by "the quotient of the national income determined by the number of the population." Unfortunately such schemes have been tried and have failed. Even if we admit that some of them, such as the Brook Farm Phalanx, were, to some extent, victims of accident, the New Australia of Paraguay affords a melancholy warning that man will not work out of motives of simple altruism. Mr. Shaw agrees that his slugs, rebels and truants would have to be corrected by officials more invasive than the "straighteners" of Samuel Butler's 'Erewhon.' It is to be feared, indeed, that if his State wished to avoid bankruptcy, their discipline would resemble Legree's.

Mr. Mallock is no mere advocate of the Manchester or Devil-take-the-hindmost school, and his speculations have their constructive side. Thus he pronounces for a minimum wage, and defines it in this sort of way: (1) The amount that a man would earn by his unaided effort, (2) a second wage to compensate him for his loss of independence, (3) a third, a bonus, as it were, to ensure stability. But he lets, as Matthew Arnold would have said, his consciousness play freely round this attractive proposal, without coming to close grips with it. We may remark, for instance, that if a worker for hire parts with his individual liberty, he gains by being able to place his product on the market. Even in a simple trade like cabinet-making a clever man would have a poor time of it if he hawked his wares about on a barrow. For the rest Mr. Mallock touches on co-partnership, consultations between masters and men, a full disclosure of accounts and so on. It is all rather vague, but perhaps Mr. Mallock feels that the present is not the time for industrial experiments. The Bolsheviks, to whom he devotes some scathing passages, are certainly no innovators whom any sane sociologist would care to follow.

THE UNFORTUNATE TURK.

"Crescent and Iron Cross," By E. F. Benson, Hodder and Stoughton, 5s. net.

EVERYONE who has known the Ottoman Empire at all intimately will be astonished at the tone of Mr. E. F. Benson's book, and at the strange misapprehensions he adopts as premises from which to draw conclusions detrimental to the Turks. "Crescent and Iron Cross" is a statement of the reasons why it is imperative that the plan for the partition of the

Turkish Empire, originally made for the delight of Tsarist Russia, should still be carried out to the minutest detail. And the good nature, the laissez-faire, the indolence in times of peace, and the religious tolerance which, by affording an opening to Russian ambitions and intrigues, have been the ruin of the Turks, are never mentioned, any more than is the cruel work of Russia to achieve their ruin. "Turkey is not a sick man. Turkey is a sickness," writes Mr. Benson. "He is not sick, nor ever has been, for he is the cancer itself, the devouring tumour that for centuries has fed on living tissue, absorbing it and killing it. It has never had life in itself, except in so far that the power of preying on and destroying life constitutes life, and such a power, after all, we are accustomed to call not life, but death. Turkey, like death, continues to exist and to dominate, through its function of killing. . . . They became a huge tumour. . . . Turkey, the rodent cancer," and so forth.

Yet to the personal vision of the present writer the peoples of the Turkish Empire—even the subject Christians—have seemed happier and much more lively than the population of, for instance, Birmingham. Mr. Benson's "squalid huts of fever-stricken peasants" is by no means typical of Mesopotamia. But we must exonerate Mr. Benson from any charge of first-hand knowledge of the subject which he treats with so much vehemence. On every page he shows, by some mistake or misconception, his abysmal ignorance. On two occasions he betrays a naïve belief that Smyrna belongs somehow to the Arab provinces of Turkey, and he lays great stress upon the "peacefulness" of the Armenian revolutionaries who, with Russian help, made Eastern Anatolia almost uninhabitable in the two years before the outbreak of the present war. But he has had access to "official documents" (not specified), which have fired him with this generous rage against the Turks. We cannot wonder, from the nature of the information here set forth, that the said official documents were not confided to an expert upon Turkish matters.

"Historical surveys are apt to be tedious," Mr. Benson writes. Tedium is not the precise adjective we ourselves should have chosen to describe Mr. Benson's survey of Ottoman history. The kidnapping of Christian children for enlistment in the corps of janissaries is the main fact to which attention is directed. Yet that can have affected relatively few families out of the vast Christian population of the Turkish Empire. It was practised only for a limited period, during which the Christians were, by all accounts, prosperous and contented subjects of that Empire. The toll thus taken of their manhood seemed a trifling price to pay for their general exemption. Mr. Benson makes it appear that all the Christians of the Turkish Empire always suffered from this forced enlistment, and quite forgets to mention that, as Christians, they were legally exempt from military service, and enjoyed full liberty of conscience with complete self-government in all internal affairs of their communities. The Greek Islands, for example, and that part of the mainland where Greeks were in an overwhelming majority, were divided, for purposes of administration, into eleven "circles," each of them governed by a Christian official called Kaptan, chosen by the inhabitants; the Kaptans were responsible to a high Christian official at the Porte, known as Derya Terjumani (the Dragoman of the Admiralty), who was appointed on the recommendation of the Greek Patriarch. The only duty binding the Christian population directly to the Turks was that of paying an annual tribute into the Imperial treasury. The same full measure of autonomy was given to the Armenian and other Christian communities. Yet Mr. Benson calls the Turk "the rodent cancer," "the cancerous and devouring nation," "an insatiable sponge," knowing obviously nothing whatever of what he is talking about.

Coming to modern times, his historical survey of the Young Turk movement is as misleading. He makes it appear as if the Young Turks had been pro-German from the beginning, as if Germany had made the Revolution. This is quite untrue. The Revolution came as

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a great blow to German policy. The Young Turks in the beginning were enthusiastically pro-British; and, even in 1913, after various rebuffs from England administered in the interests of our understanding with Russia, they were anxious that England should assume a protecting rôle towards the whole Turkish Empire, and made tentative diplomatic overtures to that effect. And even after our refusal of those overtures they strove to dilute the German influence, then forced on them, by appointing Englishmen, where possible, to posts in Turkey. Mr. Benson rails against the policy of Ottomanisation as if it still remained the policy of the Turkish Government, evidently unaware that it was discarded in 1913, with many other initial mistakes of the new rulers. His idea that there was a design to force the Arabs or anyone else to study the Koran in Turkish is ludicrous.

But it is when he comes to speak of massacres that Mr. Benson really lets himself go. He accepts Lord Bryce's evidence not as a case for future judgment—which is all it is—but as a verdict. The Armenians are "a peaceful, Christian people." The New Turks, from the beginning, had determined to exterminate them. He does not know, or he would certainly have mentioned, that, again in 1913, the Turkish Government asked England to provide inspectors to supervise reforms in Eastern Anatolia, where Russia was intent on working up atrocities by intrigues among the Armenian revolutionaries and the disaffected Kurds. The full account of those intrigues is now, since the Russian Revolution, available, and it finally disposes of the cool suggestion of the Tsarists that the recent punishment of the Armenians was entirely unprovoked. We protest that the light-hearted use of massacres for a political purpose by admirers of the very Power which deliberately provoked them is the last indecency. We should be astonished—if that faculty were not by now exhausted in us—at Mr. Benson's calm assertion that the New Turk Government was responsible for the massacres at Adana in 1909.

The massacre at Adana was part of a great reactionary plot, intended to discredit the new Turkish Government, which failed at every point excepting Adana.

That Mr. Benson should be altogether ignorant of the fact that Christians in the Turkish Empire have ever massacred Mohammedans is not wonderful, for that fact has been pretty carefully suppressed by English writers. But non-Christians see another aspect of the case, and it is important that the rulers of a mighty Asiatic Empire should have some knowledge of the point of view of Asia and the Turks. In this connection a few facts appear significant. The Armenian massacres of 1895-6 were not quite the sporting excursions that Mr. Benson suggests, but were provoked by outrages upon the Muslim population. In the first Balkan War the Christians "simplified the Muslim question" in the conquered territories to an extent not realised in England outside the Foreign Office. And many of the refugees from Thrace and Macedonia were in Asia Minor, when the Armenians rose in arms to help the Turk's most bitter enemy. That the Armenians were not innocent of a desire to "simplify the Muslim question" in provinces which they claimed as theirs against the will of a Mohammedan majority was pretty clear to those who knew anything of Turkey, even before the truth began to filter through. It is only fair, when viewing the Armenian tragedy, to reflect how very often in their recent history the Turks have had to suffer equal horrors at the hands of Christians. Revenge is not a Christian virtue, but it is extremely human. It is only by suppressing Christian failings in this matter of atrocities that the case against

the Turk has been made strong. That is why we lay such stress upon those failings at a moment when it is possible for us to get rid of a policy which has very nearly lost the British Empire in the East.

THE SELFISH MOTHER.

The Green Mirror. By Hugh Walpole. Macmillan, 6s. net.

'THE Green Mirror' is the inept title of a clever novel, for the Mirror has really nothing to do with the story. It is not like the 'Peau de Chagrin' connected with every act of the hero's life; it is merely a mirror in a green frame that hangs in a green drawing-room in a house in old Westminster, where the Trenchard family live. It is broken by a boot thrown by an angry schoolboy, and no doubt the incident is symbolic of the breaking up of the family.

Mr. Walpole harps on the theme of the self-centred family of the Victorian age. The Duchess of Wrex and the Beaminsters were grouped round this theme, of which the Trenchard family are a caricature, an exaggeration. It is a good subject of satire, though Mr. Walpole, like all young writers, leans a little too heavily on it, italicises, as it were, the emphatic passages. Thus, in order to emphasise the family pressure upon their victim, Mr. Walpole feels obliged to assemble under one roof, and that in London, three generations. There are living in Rundle Square, Westminster, Grandfather Trenchard and his sister Great Aunt Sarah, George Trenchard (the son) and his wife, two of George's sisters, Aunts Aggie and Betty, and George's four children, two sons and two daughters. They are people of the county family class, with "a place" in Somerset or Cornwall, and live between the two houses. We do not say absolutely that three generations of a family of that class never live in the same house, or that there is no house in old Westminster large enough to hold them. We merely assert that in the course of a long and varied experience we have never known such a family herded together in such numbers in a London house of moderate dimensions.

Into this solid, triple-brass household, packed tight in the prejudices of three generations, there butts a young man from Russia, Philip Mark, aged thirty, who has taken from the commerce of Moscow an income of £1,500 a year, who has kept a Russian dancer, and has come back to enjoy England. He falls in love with Katherine, the daughter of his host George, and the idol of the three generations of Trenchards. It is hardly necessary to say that the three generations all hate Philip, partly because he is a cosmopolitan, and not bred in the Trenchard kennel, and partly because he wants to take Katherine away from them. Katie is a very lovable heroine, of the Trollopian type, sweet tempered, grave, humorous, and busy with household matters. Philip Mark is a vain, weak, diffident young man (also Trollopian), anxious that the three generations should like him, and redeemed from contempt by his genuine love for Katie. The interest of the novel lies in the struggle between the mother, Mrs. Trenchard, and the lovers. Mrs. Trenchard is one of those women who under a fat, sleek person, and a silken apathetic manner, hide a steely will to bend and tutor everybody to their own selfish ends. She is determined that Philip shall not take Katherine away from her, but instead of opposing the match, she sets herself to reduce Philip to a tame domestic Trenchard cat, loafing about the two houses with no purpose in life but that of doing her errands and living meanwhile on the estate. The

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way in which the three generations co-operate with Mrs. Trenchard in trying to break Philip in, and to make him a Trenchard, is amusingly and cleverly described. There are many mothers like Mrs. Trenchard, who mistake their selfishness for love, and who do not hesitate to spoil two young lives for their own convenience. Philip is so weak and so much in love with Katherine that he would have been dragged into the family treadmill if the girl had not herself discerned the danger in time, and forced him to run away with her to London and get married. So the selfish mother was defeated, and grandfather Trenchard was killed by the shock; but everybody else was relieved by the destruction of the old tyranny, and enjoyed the new freedom. All the members of the family are skilfully and wittily drawn, with perhaps a little too much elaboration. There are not quite enough happenings in the story, and we are kept waiting a little too long for the only piece of action, the running off to London. We trace the influence of Mr. Walpole's masters and masters, Jane Austen, Trollope, Mr. Galsworthy (in his early days), and no man could have better masters. It is an amusing domestic comedy, with a sound moral, and Mr. Walpole's shaft of satire speeds home to a definite target.

CORNISH IDYLLS.

The Chronicles of St. Tid. By Eden Phillpotts. Skeffington. 6s. net.

THESE chronicles are a series of delightful village idylls, couched in the picturesque and homely dialect of Cornwall. Like all short stories, they vary in merit as in length; but the three best in our opinion are 'The Green Man and the Tiger,' 'Panting After Christopher' and 'A Touch of Fearfulness.' The matrimonial negotiation between Matt Polwarn, the host of the "Green Man" and Nancy Nute, hostess of "The Tiger," rival hostelleries opposite one another in Quarry-lane, St. Tid, both parties being "home upon sixty," ends in a friendly rupture and Nancy's marrying Keat, her potman. "The world is full of surprises, and you never know when you begin talking where the gift of speech will land you. . . . The art of conversation isn't given to all, and the spirit of fair give and take in that matter is much rarer than we humans would like to believe, or than it ought to be." Thus are the dangers of a sharp tongue summed up in Cornish. In "The Lie to the Dead" a wind-bag is thus told off. "Not but what his doctrine was sound. In all his flights he never said anything he didn't ought; but there was nothing to it, if you understand me. 'Twas like starting to let down a glass of ale, and finding a tumbler of froth." Mr. Phillpotts is so perfectly master of his material that he can put all his own conceits into the mouths of his Cornish quarrymen without any seeming incongruity. 'A Touch of Fearfulness,' though it is the familiar story of a young clown going to the war and coming back a sergeant and a man, is so well handled, and the discomfiture of the shirking game-keeper is so complete, that we forget, or at least forgive, the staleness of the topic.

THE CITY.

Last week's article on the Electric Lamp Industry, with its reference to the fact that practically all ordinary illuminating lamps have filaments of tungsten wire, arouses curiosity as to the probable position of the industry in relation to tungsten after the war. The importance of tungsten to-day lies not in its adaptability for electric lighting purposes, but in its steel-hardening propensities. Next to steel it is the most important of the war metals; tungsten alloyed as high-speed steel is a dominating factor in armament, shells, and tool steel. The demand created by the war sent prices soaring (until they were fixed by the Government), and has accelerated production in some parts of the world, particularly in the United States. A few new uses have been discovered, which will doubtless be developed after the war; but, broadly speaking, it would appear that when the war ends there will be a

slump in demand, and manufacturers of electric lamps will be able to obtain cheaper supplies.

The biggest producer of tungsten ore before the war was Burma, which gave 1,868 tons in 1914, Portugal (the largest European producer) ranking next, with 967 tons, and the United States third, with about 900 tons. Two years later the United States had run ahead with 6,790 tons, as compared with 4,123 tons from Burma and 1,600 tons from Portugal. England's output from 1914 to 1916 ranged from 200 to 400 tons per annum, and Germany's production was probably about the same. Before the war Germany derived most of her supplies from abroad, and was selling to English steel works practically all the metal and ferro-alloy they required, and this despite the fact that 50 per cent. of the world's output of wolfram ores came from within the British Empire. In 1916, the latest year for which particulars are available, England controlled about two-thirds of the world's output of tungsten, and it is permissible to hope that this proportion will not diminish after the war.

Having regard to the importance of wolfram or tungsten ores it is somewhat remarkable that they are so little mentioned on the Stock Exchange or in places where the voice of the investor and speculator is heard. There has been considerable activity in Cornish mining shares of late, but the high price of wolfram has been only a minor factor; indeed, companies such as the Dolcoath, South Crofty, and East Pool, in reporting their assays, give tin and tungsten together, the proportion of the latter being very small. It would appear that the best plums of the industry are privately held. In response to the war demand for metal and ferrotungsten for steel works a company entitled the High Speed Steel Alloys was established at Widnes, capitalised by 51 of the largest steel manufacturers in the British Isles. Other important plants of which the general public knows little or nothing have come into existence, and their owners have taken steps in various parts of the world to insure supplies of ore.

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FROM

THE LANCET.

No. 4924.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1918.

Vol. CXCIV

TRIPLEX GLASS.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

SIR.—Some three or four years ago I was introduced to Triplex Glass (which consists of two plates of glass with an intervening layer of celluloid) as a substance that would not break and splinter, and cause wounds more or less serious, such as those caused by ordinary glass. It was recommended for spectacles, and before prescribing it for that purpose I subjected it to a practical test.

I fixed three lenses on a deal board and fired at them with a 12-bore gun choked in both barrels, loaded with No. 5 shot, from a distance of 35 yards. All three lenses were more or less starred and broken into irregular granules, but there were no splinters, sharp points or angles, nor were any fragments broken out of the lenses, and no shot went through them. I afterwards, for sake of comparison, treated a piece of ordinary window glass and a wine bottle in the same way; the glass was smashed to pieces and splinters were scattered all about, the shot perforated it, and lodged in the board behind it, and the bottle had a large hole knocked in it, and was splintered and cracked nearly in half.

I have for some time now *advised everyone who has to wear glasses* for distance, especially those who shoot, to have them *made of Triplex Glass*. They are certainly a useful protection against injuries from small foreign bodies, such as shot, and as far as I am able to judge, there is *no difference in refraction between Triplex and ordinary glass*; but I am told there is a difficulty about very deep concave lenses because of the division between the two layers of glass which may be opened in the grinding. Further, such lenses are so thin in the centre as to greatly diminish or entirely annul their protective value. Both of these faults can easily be remedied by

grinding the lens in ordinary glass and placing a fairly thick flat plate of Triplex Glass in front of it. It seems to me that *every soldier on active service who has to wear glasses*, whether for visual reason or protection, *should have them made of Triplex Glass*, and I recommend it to every one of them who consults me. I have no doubt that their use would *prevent a very large percentage of the injuries to the eye caused by small fragments of projectiles, stones, hard earth, splinters of wood, bricks, etc., scattered broadcast by shell-bursts*. I would further advise all owners of motor-cars who have a due regard for their own safety to have their screens and windows of Triplex Glass.

Only a few weeks ago a colleague of mine at the County of London War Hospital had his wind screen broken by a man with a stick; a splinter of glass struck him in the eye, which was so badly injured that it had to be removed. *Had his screen been made of Triplex Glass I have no hesitation in saying that he would have had two eyes to-day.* The most that would have occurred would have been a star in the glass; there would have been no splintering or flying fragments. It is also a matter that should be considered by the Board of Trade or other authority whether *the use of Triplex Glass for windows and all parts of public conveyances for which glass is used—whether cabs, omnibuses, railway carriages or anything else—should be made compulsory*. If this were done we should not see in the account of a collision between two omnibuses or other street conveyances, or of railway accidents, that a great number of the injured have been more or less severely cut by glass.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CHARLES HIGGINS, F.R.C.S.

Brook Street, W., Dec. 31st, 1917.

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd.

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Probably the best-known English wolfram concern is the Wolfram Mining and Smelting Co., which operates important mines at Silvares, in Portugal. It has an issued capital of £80,000, and dividends in recent years have been paid as follows: 1909-10, 5 p.c.; 1910-11, 7½ p.c.; 1911-12, 7½ p.c.; 1912-13, 5 p.c.; 1913-14, nil; 1914-15, 15 p.c.; 1915-16, 15 p.c. The company's year ends on September 30, its accounts being presented in February, and it may be assumed that the report now due will recommend the maintenance of the 15 p.c. rate. The present price of the shares, which are not very actively dealt in, is about 24s. The yield is good, but allowance has to be made for the fact that the company is enjoying war prosperity, and that peace may reduce dividends.

MOTOR NOTES.

It is agreed that the Germans foresaw to a greater extent than any other nation the value of mechanical road transit; witness their rapid advance through Luxemburg, Belgium, and Northern France. The German is singularly lacking in initiative and inventiveness, but he is a wonderful organiser and adapter, and has so far developed himself at the expense of other brains in a really stupendous and amazing manner. The German is essentially first an imitator and then commercially an adapter and developer.

Once more "out of evil cometh good." This nation has learnt during these last few years, and as a direct consequence of the war, the value of road transit, and it is safe to say that when peace is restored the commercial community of the country will adopt this method of receiving and forwarding their merchandise to an extraordinary extent. It will mean freedom from railway delays, and the arbitrary methods adopted since the amalgamation of various great companies over certain routes. Lack of competition means stagnation, and that is what British manufacturers have

had to put up with in recent years. When merchants possess their own fleets of motor vehicles, it will release them from the arbitrary manner (the expression is not too strong) in which they have been treated in the past, and at the same time make for regularity of deliveries, rapid and safe transit, and, above all, an initial economy.

This method of handling merchandise will be beneficial to all industrial centres, but more especially so in a district like the Potteries, which is practically situated in the centre of England. In regard to rail transit, it is at the mercy of a small company acting as a connecting link between two great trunk routes, which some time before the war came to an agreement for pooling receipts where they came into competition (the essence of commerce). The result can be imagined and confirmed by a chat with any leading pottery manufacturer.

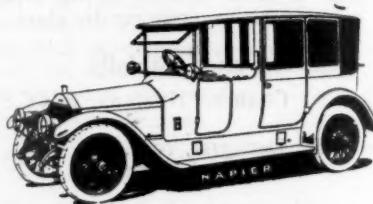
In the future these potters—hard, keen men of business—will possess their own motor transport lorries, and will be able to dispatch their goods to the dock-sides of Liverpool, Manchester, and Hull for export.

It is obvious what this means in the saving of handling and carting from factory to station, and station to ships. Rail transit will not necessarily be superseded, but the fact of the merchant and manufacturer being independent of it will have a salutary effect.

It will be noted that the North British Rubber Co. have been doing wonderful things in equipping lorries with sound workman-like tyres since the outbreak of war, and have accumulated a fund of experience which will be of incalculable value to all enterprising firms. In this remarkable concern is Mr. Alexander Johnston, M.P., who is recognised north of the Tweed as one of the ablest business men of his time. He would have been an ideal man for the organisation of one of our Government Departments, but the fact that he is less known here than in Scotland is proving to be Scotland's gain—and our loss.

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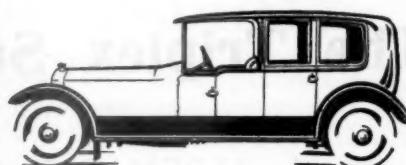
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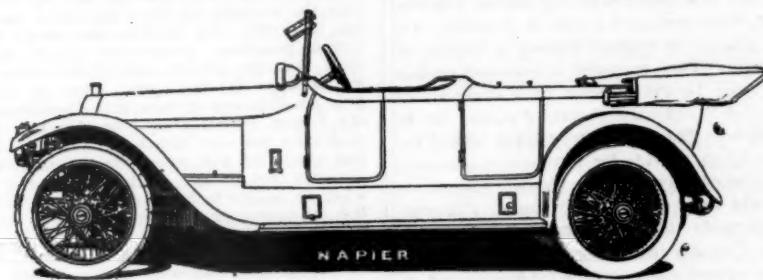
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HOME AND COLONIAL STORES.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Home and Colonial Stores, Limited, was held on Thursday, Sir Charles E. G. Philipps, Bart., chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman referred with regret to the death of their late chairman, Sir Wm. Capel Slaughter. Proceeding, he said that taking into account the unprecedented conditions of the year under review, he was sure the shareholders would agree that the result of the year's trading was not unsatisfactory. The profit for the year amounted to £26,155, making, with the balance of £48,130 brought forward from the previous year, a total of £274,296. After paying the usual dividends on the 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares and on the 15 per cent. cumulative preference and cumulative ordinary shares, together amounting to £123,600, there remained a sum of £150,686. Of that they had placed £25,000 to reserve, leaving a balance of £125,686 to be dealt with. They proposed to appropriate this in the following way:—(1) To the payment of a dividend of 6s. per share on the "A" ordinary shares, £30,000; (2) to the company's Sick Fund, £2,000; (3) to special bonus for branch staff, £30,000; (4) to provide for income-tax, £10,000; and (5) to carrying forward £53,686. By placing £25,000 to reserve they had brought their reserve funds up to £425,000, all of which was separately invested outside the business, including no less than £299,409 in the 5 per cent. War Loan. The branch staff bonus scheme was governed by the amount of the dividend on the "A" shares, and in proposing to maintain this dividend at 6s. per share, they had the added satisfaction of so recognising in a tangible way the loyal and efficient manner in which their staff had performed their duties throughout the year under the most trying and often difficult circumstances. The past year had been very strenuous and one of considerable anxiety, the whole conditions of their trading and distribution being fundamentally altered. Before the war their buyers had the whole world as their market, and their requirements were the only limit of their expenditure. Now the Food Controller regulated the market, and in many important articles was the merchant from whom, or through whom, they had to buy, whilst the amount of their purchases was also strictly limited. The sales of the principal commodities, too, were absolutely under the surveillance of the Food Control Committee, both as to the quantity to be allowed to any individual purchaser and the price to be paid by him. These regulations, ever varying, of necessity entailed incessant vigilance on the part of the board, and especially of their resident directors, whose care and attention were worthy of the highest praise. They had to a large extent had to carry on their business with a new staff, 2,460 of their men having joined the Colours. Their places had, for the most part, been filled by women, and it spoke very highly, both for them and for their inspectors, that the work had been carried on efficiently and with comparatively little friction. From the point of view of profit, the directors were a little disappointed, but not surprised, that the figure compared somewhat unfavourably with that of the previous year. But these were times when other considerations had to be studied, and their one desire throughout the year had been, as hitherto, to uphold—and they believed they had with success upheld—the traditions of the company for fair and reasonable dealing. As regarded the immediate outlook, it would be unwise to prophesy or even to hazard a forecast. The Food Controller controlled and regulated the buying, selling and distribution of the principal commodities with the view of ensuring, as far as possible, equitable distribution among the public of the diminished supplies available. The scope for initiative and enterprise was consequently curtailed, if not eliminated for the time being. They did not wish to criticise. On the contrary, it remained their constant endeavour, as it had been ever since the war began, loyally to assist the Government and the various local authorities by every means in their power in the difficult task of dealing with such a vital and complex problem as the food supply of the people. Meantime the directors had to bring all their experience and judgment to bear upon the many varied and frequently conflicting situations to which the new conditions gave rise, he would not say from time to time, but literally all day and every day. He concluded by moving: "That the directors' report and balance sheet now submitted be and the same are hereby adopted; that a dividend at the rate of 6s. per share be and is hereby declared payable on the 'A' Ordinary Shares of the company; that a sum of £2,000 be appropriated to the company's sick fund; that a sum of £30,000 be appropriated for the payment of a bonus to the branch staff; that a sum of £10,000 be appropriated to provide for income tax; and that the sum of £53,686 14s. 9d. be carried to the next account."

Mr. G. G. FISHER seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The usual formal business was then transacted and the proceedings terminated.

WARING AND GILLOW.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Waring and Gillow, Limited, was held on Tuesday last, Mr. W. J. Jennings, the chairman, presiding.

The Chairman said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—This meeting has been postponed for long past the statutory period. The delay arises mainly from the Finance Acts, 1915-16, imposing the Excess Profits Duty, and can be stated quite shortly.

We have spent very large sums of money in building and equipping factories, mainly of a purely temporary character. The questions are how much of this very large expenditure the taxing authorities allow to be written off out of profits before excess profits are calculated, and over how long a period is the writing off to be spread.

When these questions are answered there is nothing to delay the completion of our accounts, but it is obvious that till definite answers can be given we cannot present final figures. At the same time the directors are able to state that, as compared with the accounts for the year ended 31st January, 1916—those last published—the business has shown encouraging and continuous progress. A reference to our report for that year will show that our profits, subject to Excess Profits Duty—which we estimate for that year alone at £35,000—was £100,885. It is possible now to state that, notwithstanding the increase in the Excess Profits Duty, the directors are satisfied that the profits for the year ended 31st January, 1917, and for the year just concluded will, when the accounts can be finally adjusted, certainly not be less, and this is after making provision at what we believe to be an ample figure for Excess Profits Duty. We, of course, know our trading figures, and can state definitely that they compare most favourably with those last published. It is true that our liabilities are higher; this is due to our greatly increased turnover—but we have no overdue accounts—and our assets are proportionately higher, our book debts being up as the result of money owing by the Government, which is as good as cash. While, as compared with a cash balance of £86,551 on the 31st January, 1916, our cash and investments in National War Bonds stood on the 31st January, 1918, at £227,446, and in addition we hold as an investment £51,500 on War Loan. It is apparent that with our largely increased turnover more cash is required in the business, and our war bonds, as you know, are available towards the liquidation of the Excess Profits Duty when the amount has been ascertained.

Dealing with the effect of the Excess Profits Duty upon the profits, the Chairman said when the Excess Profits Duty was first imposed it amounted to 50 per cent., it was then raised to 60 per cent., and is now 80 per cent. We are entitled, before the Excess Profits Duty comes into operation, to the standard rate of percentage only, i.e., 6 per cent., upon the capital employed in the business. Now it is contended by the authorities that under the Act the capital employed in the business is not, for the purpose of Excess Profits Duty, the nominal capital of the company, but is less by the whole of the ordinary shares. These 500,000 ordinary shares of 10s. each, issued as fully paid, are treated by the taxing authorities as not representing any cash value, with the result that we are not allowed the standard rate of percentage upon this large sum.

Referring to the suggestion that the company ought to pay the year's preference dividend in arrear, the Chairman explained that the directors are of opinion that under present circumstances it is more to the advantage of shareholders to retain the profits beyond the current year's dividend in the business. He gave the following illustration of the incidence of war taxation based upon the figures of the last published balance sheet.

This contained provision for writing off £20,000 from the underwriting commission; there was also a figure of £2,491 for the amortisation of leases, which we are, of course, bound to provide, and the carry forward, less the amount brought in, was £5,885. These sums together amount to £28,376, and to enable us to make these absolutely essential provisions necessitates a payment in taxation alone, with Excess Profit Duty at 80 per cent. and income tax at 5s. in the £, of no less a sum than £160,000. Add to these sums the amount required for one year's preference dividend and the interest and sinking fund upon the debentures, and it will be seen that we need to make a total profit of nearly £265,000. Out of this large sum not only would there be nothing for the ordinary shares, there would be nothing for the year's dividend on the preference shares in arrear. Put in another way, of every £100,000 we make, after providing for the preference dividend and interest and sinking fund on debentures, the Government take £85,000, leaving the company only £15,000.

After alluding to a private and subsidiary company, the Alliance Aeroplane Co., Ltd., which has been established by, and is entirely under the control of, Waring and Gillow, for the manufacture of complete aeroplanes, the speaker continued, you will, I think, expect me to say a word or two about our general business. As to this, I am glad to say that—notwithstanding the difficulties consequent upon a depleted staff, in obtaining stock, and the reduced facilities for despatch—every department of the company's business shows a gratifying increase, and the directors desire to take this opportunity of saying that the results reflect the greatest credit upon the staff.

Several shareholders expressed the opinion that notwithstanding what the chairman had said as to the difficulties in presenting the accounts, it ought to be possible to give figures which would indicate the progress of the company.

After the re-election of directors and auditors the meeting was adjourned.

BRITISH BURMAH PETROLEUM.

THE ADJOURNED SEVENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the British Burmah Petroleum Company, Limited, was held on the 7th February at the Cannon Street Hotel, the Hon. Lionel Holland presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that there was on this occasion no material change in position or outlook to call for special comment. A year ago he expressed the opinion that so long as war conditions prevailed they could anticipate no great advance in revenue, while, on the other hand, the increasing cost of freight and material, the increasing difficulties and delays of shipping and transport, must give cause for anxiety and inevitably hinder their sales and their field operations. In all the circumstances they had no reason to be dissatisfied with the result of the year's working. The previous year's statement showed a trading profit of more than £109,000 in excess of the profit earned during 1915. They had succeeded in maintaining that position, and, indeed, had improved on it by a further £39,000. The balance of divisible profit, after satisfying the debenture sinking funds, and after making considerable allocations to reserve accounts, was, as against some £20,000 last year, nearly £45,000, to which, for comparison, had to be added a sum approaching £20,000 that they had paid out last July in the way of an interim dividend—an improvement of £40,000. This was satisfactory, as it enabled the board to recommend a substantial distribution in the way of dividend to shareholders—namely, that a sum, including the interim dividend, of nearly £60,000 should be so distributed. But, to his mind, it was chiefly satisfactory because it gave evidence that this business had "answered the helm," and was beginning to repay them for their patience and prudence. The proposed final dividend, making $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year free of income tax, would be payable on the 1st prox., and it was anticipated that an interim dividend would again be paid at the end of July next on account of the first six months' working of the current year.

It was impossible to foresee whether the profit realised during the past twelve months would be improved on, or even maintained during the current year. The outlook was too uncertain, too shadowed with contingencies they could not control, to justify any estimate. They must seek hope in the reflection that the company's progress during the past five years had not been due to any "unlooked-for stroke of luck," but to the factors of prudent supervision at this end and to efficient management at Rangoon and on the oilfields.

Mr. H. C. Taylor seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously, and the balance dividend, as recommended, was also agreed to.

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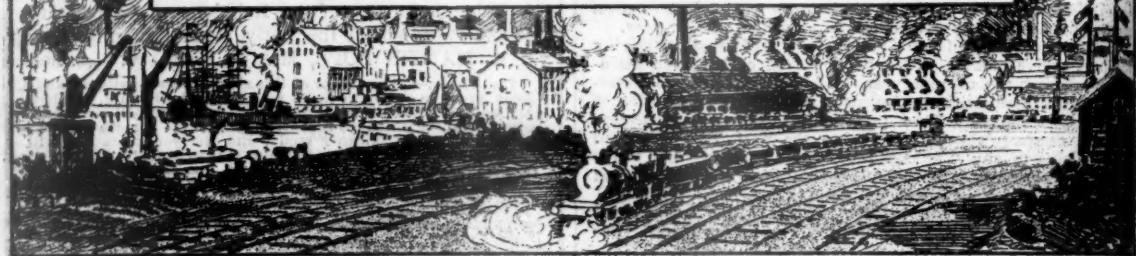
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